WASHINGTON CRITIC

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THE SUNDAY CRITIC. Single copy...... S Conts Address THE CRITIC.

Washington, D. C. LOCAL WEATHER FORECAST.

For the District of Columbia, and Marand, warmer; fair weather; southerly winds WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 17, 1890.

WHATEVER OTHER State or section keeps silence for awhile. Ohio is always heard from. The Ohio man having lost the offices, the State comes forward with a modest claim for \$400,000. No doubt she will get the money, too.

WHILE CONGRESS IS Wrangling, Canada excited, Brazil upset and all the thrones traditionally tottering, an election important to the people and government of a kingdom has come and gone without exciting a tremor. The kingdem is Hawali, and it seems that the government party has been defeated.

TEXAS IS THE place in which to hold prize-fights. In a recent encounter of ished. How Sullivan and Kilrain must regret not having had their "assault and battery" in a State where they might have battered each other to death. And how the public must sympathize with their regret in this instance.

ASSESSMENT ABUSES,

In another column will be found a statement in regard to District assessments which THE CRITIC has had prepared with great care and which it has taken all reasonable pains to make strictly accurate. That statement reveals inequalities in the comparative assessed valuations of property in the District of such an astounding character that they may be considered a fraud upon the District treasury and a gross injustice to the larger proportion of taxpayers.

For the conspicuous under valuations therein detailed are invariably in favor of wealthy tax payers. The great body of our property-holders-the man in moderate or humble circumstances, the business man, clerk, or mechanic who owns his house-is assessed with approximate accuracy. It is mainly the interest of the millionsire-resident or absentee-that the fraudulent assessment serves.

THE CRITIC directs attention to the outrageous abuses of the present assessment because it believes such an iniquitous system should be thoroughly investigated and speedily abolished. The law requires that the assessed valuerty-owners are taxed upon 80 per cent. of that value, our millionaires should pay taxes only on 20 per cent.

How assessors, with the law before them, and cognizant of the facts in the premises, came to make such assessments and to discriminate, as the statement shows they did, we cannot pretend to understand. The indications are clear in the direction either of incompetency or corruption.

But, in any case, THE CRITIC to-day discloses to the public a condition of things which imperatively calls for early Congressional consideration and

MORE FIREMEN NEEDED. It should not be difficult to secure more firemen. The Tracy tragedy and like misfortunes, doubtless, cannot be made impossible, but the likelihood of their occurrence at any time can be reduced to a minimum by an increase in our already effective Fire Department. It is said that the small force now available covers more territory than any

other like body of men. True, we have not here some of the obstacles encountered elsewhere, as in New York, for instance, where the lower end of the island is a network of tortuous streets, mostly filled with tall structures. Our streets and avenues are generally wide and well paved. Access to the scene of a fire can be had with great rapidity.

What we need is a larger force for constant sentinel duty. Minutes count with frightful effect on such occasions, The pay could be bettered at the same time the material and force were increased, resulting in added efficiency to the entire fire service. The enhanced cost of the Department would be but a sorry price to pay for the prevention of such a calamity as that which, two weeks ago, startled Washington and shocked the country.

SOUTH CAPITOL ST. BRIDGE. The proposal to bridge the Eastern Branch of the Potomac at the foot of South Capital street is worthy of the general support of the people of Washington. The project is in the hands of an association of enterprising citizens. It has been heartily approved by the District Commissioners, by the Sccretary of War and by Colonel Haines, the engineer in charge of the river improve-

venient access to our local market to a rich and fertile region of river bottomland, the products of which now reach the city by a long and circuitous route. It will render available for building purposes some of the most attractive villa sites in this entire neighborhood, and when the projected boulevard from the city to Fort Washington is completed it will furnish the most accessi-

ble and beautiful of riverside drives

that the old fort, with its well preserved sensitive woman should have suffered buildings and appurtenances, made an such a fate merely for a political ofideal camping ground. The great difficulty encountered was that, by land, it sion should have been heightened by make the Government reservation available for militia purposes it was felt that a new and direct road along the river bank should be at once constructed. The land for this roadway has been already donated, and there is no doubt that the road itself is a thing of the near future. But for the proper use of this road the South Capitol street bridge is a necessity.

It has been ascertained that there are no engineering obstacles in the way of the construction of this bridge, For the purposes of the Navy-Yard the Eastern Branch will require to be dredged to a sufficient width of channel, and the draw in the bridge can readily be built to accommodate that channel. The estimated cost of construction is very moderate when the character of the improvement is considered and, beyond question, the com-pletion of this public work would contribute materially to the progress of a portion of the city which has been too long neglected.

IMMEDIATE CONSIDERATION. The debate in the House of Representatives on the two bills submitted by the special committee on the proposed World's Fair, to be held in celebration that nature, which resulted fatally, it of the quadri-centenary of the discovery was held that, under the law as it now of America-ore authorizing a national stands, the survivor could not be pun- colebration at the National Capital under the auspices and control of the National Government, and the other adapted to the holding of such a cele bration in some other city-is expected to commence on Thursday, and will proceed without interruption until a vote is taken on the question of site.

As has been shown by the action already taken in the matter by a very large number of municipal and commercial bodies and by numerous State authorities, there is little doubt, in the minds of a great majority of the people of the United States, as to what that site should be. They believe that a national celebration should be held at

the National Capital. What THE CRITIC now desires to urge is that action should be taken by Congress without delay. The World's Fair should be held in this city in 1892. and it is now very near the first day of spring, 1890. No time should be lost The demand of the hour is immediate

DISTRICT COURT OF APPEALS The establishment of a Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, w provided for in the bill to be proposed by the Bar Association of the District, will do much to lighten the pressure of work now pending in the courts, and to improve the administration of justice by removing all ground of complaint in regard to the mode by which appellate jurisdiction is at present exercised.

Appeals are now had from any of the special terms of the District Supreme Court to the General Term of that court; that is, an appeal may be taken in regard to any final order, judgment or decree of any one of the judges of that ation of property should be based on court to all, or a majority, of them sitits actual cash value, and it is not to be ting together in an appellate capacity. endured that, while our poorer prop- Such is the pressure of the current business of the courts that rarely are there more than three judges on the bench in | prevaricator of the prairies himself, is in the General Term. The tribunal thus becomes rotating and uncertain, and it often happens that delay is caused by the circumstance that one of the judges is the particular one before whom the case was originally tried, and from whose judgment the pending appeal has been taken. A postponement is the result, of course, and it is said that there are now before the Court in General Term cases which have vainly awaited the action of that court during

the past five years. The bill of the Bar Association will propose that a Court of Appeals for the District shall consist of a chief justice and four associate justices, and shall exercise the appellate jurisdiction and power of the present Supreme Court in General Term. Appeals from its decisions to the Supreme Court of the United States are to be had under the same regulations as those taken from

the United States Circuit Courts. The advantages which must follow the institution of a properly constituted appellate tribunal are obvious. The judges of the District Supreme Court, relieved from the duties of the General Term, would be able to overtake and dispatch the accumulation of business in the lower courts. A permanent and determinate court would be in readiness to hear appeals, and the disheartening and expensive delays in litigation which constitute, in themselves, a distinct and positive failure of justice, would be obviated.

Another advantage would be a light ening in a measure of the load which the United States Supreme Court is now required to carry. That august tribunal is believed to be at present fully three years behind its work, and, with the growth of this great country, its business is necessarily increasing year by year both in volume and importance. The most feasible plan suggested as a remedy for this state of things is one which would relieve the members of the court from circuit duty, and which would establish at different points throughout the country new courts of final appeal with a clearly defined jurisdiction.

The creation of a separate Appellate Court for the District would be in har- sren't there? mony with such a plan, and, so far as the District is concerned, would relieve the Supreme Court from appeals in all eases except those which involve Federal or constitutional questions. A That the proposed bridge will be of | Court of Appeals is absolutely needed, immense advantage to the city admits | and the members of the Bar Association of no doubt. It will give near and con- of Washington, who best know the exigencles of the case, are well qualified to set forth the method by which that need may be most surely satisfied.

SIBERIAN ATROCITIES.

Most readers of THE CRITIC were naturally horrified by reading, yesterday morning, the cable dispatch from London describing how Madame Sigida, a political prisoner at Kara, had recently been flogged to death When the District National Guard and how several of her wretched com-

last year held its annual encampment panions, dreading the same fate, had at Fort Washington, it was ascertained | committed suicide. That a refined and fense, and that the horror of the occawas practically all but inaccessible. To the awful method of escape adopted by her three fellow prisoners, were events sufficient to arouse in all hearts pity. indignation and wonder.

The relations of the United States to the Russian Government have always been of the most cordial character, and they have been long and evenly maintained. The reople of this country will never forget that in its hour of sorest trial and direst danger the friendship of Russia remained staunch and true, Still, no sentiment of friendship on our part can suffice to condone the barbarous treatment which has been described in this case, and if the facts alleged receive confirmation the methods of the Russian Government will not fail to awaken the severest condemnation of the American people.

But is this dispatch really worthy of belief? It is to be remembered always that such stories from the exiles of faroff Siberia necessarily reach the outside world through tedious, difficult, circuitous and dubious channels. They come through persons who have every opportunity and motive to exaggerate and misrepresent This particular tale rests almost solely on the authority of Sergius Stepniak, a Russian refugee in England, believed to be in the pay of the English Government, an avowed social Anarchist, and one eager at all times to vilify the Russian Government.

At first thought it will be natural to suppose that Russia, which has of late years made such remarkable progress in the arts and methods of civilization. and which has been sedulously observant of the obligations of national comity and good will, would be careful to refrain from any measures likely to be repugnant to the enlightened sense of the civilized world. The proposition that the contrary is the case rests almost wholly on the statements of political agitators who live by furnishing, as occasion demands, the timely fuel which sustains their agitation.

That reports in regard to Russian prison life, coming from such sources, are to be received with considerable suspicion is shown by the fact that Russian citizens of the United States who are well-informed, indignantly deny that the prison system of Russia Is exceptionally severe, or that the alleged barbarities which are periodically described by interested and prejudiced parties are justified by the circumstances.

Altogether the story from Kara needs impartial confirmation.

IT IS TO BE RECRETTED that a baby actually died of starvation in its mother's arms. while she, homeless and penniless, walke ! the streets of New York at midnight. But the fleeting sentiment brought out by such an occurrence is overlaid by the satisfactory results of the bench show. The distribution of premiums was liberal, ranging from \$20 down, and among the special awards of prizes were cups valued at \$500. The large number of dog sales from \$100 to \$2,000, effected by various wealthy men and women, shows an increased appreciation of thoroughbreds. The relative value of bables and dogs must, of course, be determined by the obscure parents of the one and

the aristocratic breeders of the others. EVIDENCE WAS furnished by THE CRITIC vesterday that the celebrated Joe Mulhat-Missouri, and has his imagination with him. He has again challenged the admiration of the world, this time making a train run so fast that it melted the wheels off. This is fully equal in its way to the story Historian Munchausen relates in his travels of the freezing of the sound as it came from the postman's horn.

THE GREENBACK PARTY Is obstactoristically square on its feet and level in its head when it advises the Government t issue \$20,000,000 in green money and spend It on a World's Fair at the National

Houston will soon be the best paved city And this is no ordinary boast, for Texas, it has been said, we believe, is the place that is paved with good intentions.

As SENATORS Ingalls and Chandler are so anxious to have the race question settled, why would it not be in order for them to send Peter Jackson South as a settling

emissary with extraordinary powers. A NEBRASKA MAN has raised a beet more than three feet long. Around some Washington hotel lobbies they can be found six feet long and, paradoxical as it may seem.

To THOSE DELUDED mortals who patron ize the Louisiana lottery we commend the perusal of an editorial, republished in an other column, from the Philadelphia Press.

THE DEST SIGN under heaven That the summer'll soon arrive, Is "Chicago League, 11; "The St. Augustine's, 5."

A RUBBER manufacturing company has placed a patent hat upon the market. It s intended solely for club men-and morn ing wear.

mutual banking. Your Anarchist always has a scheme for everything but mutual work. THE SCALPS OF the District employes do

A CHICAGO ANARCHIST has a scheme for

not rest as screnely upon the summits of WHY SHOULD Washington pine for the

World's Fair? It has the world's fairest GENERAL GREELY Intimates that Ash

Wednesday will be dusty. TWO SORTS OF PRETTY GIRLS. At the Bachelors' Assembly-Miss Reacher (setat 35)-There are no

erous pretty young girls here to-night, Mr. Oncort (suggestively)-Yes; and there are some pretty old ones, too.

WHEN EVENING SHADOWS FALL. When evening shadows fall

She haugs her cares away, Like empty garments on the wall, That hides her from the day. And while old memories throng And vanished voices call. She lifts her grateful heart in song When evening shadows fall,

Her weary hands forget The burdens of the day The weight of sorrow and regret In music rolls away. And from the day's dull tomb, That hold her in its thrall, Her soul springs up in Hly-bloom

When evening shadows fall,

-James Whiteomb Riley.

NUMBER 013,028.

| From the French of W. Busqueh. Take my sixteen cents, goutlemen, but I give you my word of honor that I shall

I give you my word of honor that I shall bever touch a domino again."

So saying, Monsicur Moulinier turned away with a dignified alrand walked out of the Cafe du Commerce.

This popular resort was situated—and probably is still—on Saint Sever street, in Rouen. Monsieur Theophile Moulinier, proprietor of a confectionery shop known as "The Sign of the Bon Bonbon," was passionately fond of the game of dominoes, and for hearly twenty years had played regularly with his three friends—Mr. Rigaudon, the hatter; Mr. Florent, the hosier, and Mr. Briancois, the dry-goods merchant. Theophile Moulinier had been wonderfully lucky for a long time, winning at least twelve cents at every game. If he at least twelve cents at every game. If he had not been so his wife, Madame Eudovia and not been so his wife, Madame Eudovia Moullnier, would not have allowed num to indulge in his favorite weakness; indeed, she always insisted that the luxury must not cost anything, and would occasionally remark to him in a very severe I want you to remember, Mr. Moulinies

that the only excuse for gaming is constant occess."
But, alas, nothing lasts forever in this world, and one fine day, or rather, one sail day, ill-luck laid hold of the confectioner

From that time he had to exert all his in-genuity to conceal from his acrimonious better half the ever-increasing deficit in his funds, and as he left the cafe after aufunds, and as he left the care after announcing his intention of playing no more,
he said to himself anxiously:

"Eighty centimes! That makes more
than 13 frames that I have lost since the
first of the month, and this is only the
eighteenth. I am afraid I shall have to
confess the truth to Eudoxia."

The thought of asknowledging his losses

The thought of acknowledging his losses and consequent deception to his wife made him trembie.

him tremble.

On the very day after her marriage, Madame Moulinier, knowing of what stuff her husband was made, had, to speak figuratively, taken down the breeches from their hook, and had never ceased wearing them from that time. If the too easy-going confeconer had but asserted his authority then, e need never have surrendered it, but he st nerve at the critical moment and Madame Moulinier became master of the bouse, the store, the money-drawer and the confectioner. This being the state of the case, it is easy to imagine the anguish of mind to which the worthy Mr. Moulinier

ecame a prey. He walked slowly toward his home, and on the way stopped mechanically before a large tobacco shop. He had never been inside, not being a smoker, but there was something in the window that attracted his attention. This was a placard of moderate size stuck on the inside of the glass pane and begins the following amountment. and bearing the following announcer

MEZIDON LOTTERY. 200,000 Francs in Prizes

Grand Prize-100,000 France, Two Prizes of 10,000 France each Several other Prizes varying from 100 to 5,000 france each. Tickets-One Franc DRAWING ON JUNE 15 NEXT. (No Postponement) N. B.—All prizes paid in specie.

there was a glass shelf, on which, amidst a collection of pipes, tobacco pouches and amber mouth-pieces, lay a beap of lottery At this moment 10 o'clock sounded from

Just underneath this enticing placard

At this moment 10 o'clock sounded from all the clocks in the neighborhood—excepting, of course, those that were not right—and from the lips of the confectioner escaped a thoughtful murmur.

"A hundred thousand francs!—that is not probable, but it is possible. And if not a hundred thousand, why not ten though and the lips of the

When anyone spoke to Madame Moulinier about whining in lotteries she invariably remarked: "Oh, yes, I know how to do it; I have iscovered a sure way of making money in

Her unsuspecting hearer would generally inquire:
"How do you do it, Madame?" and then
Eudoxia would reply, with a mocking

ol never buy a ticket, and then I make the franc that it would have cost me!"

Naturally, her meek spouse had never ventured to broach the subject to her, or to invest on his own account; but now, ren dered desperate by his losses at domino, he began to think seriously of raising a franc

without her permission. "In less than a month's time my franc will be increased a hundred-fold, perhaps ten-thousand-fold, or even a hundredthousand-fold," continued Theophile, with his eyes glistening; "my losses at dominos will be more than covered without Eudoxia knowing anything about them." Without further mental struggle he

walked quickly into the tobacco store. Here he found Clorinde, the young woman who presided in the absence of Mme. Valmondols, the proprietor, scated on a shabby velvet stool behind the counter. She made sture of surprise when she saw hin

and exclaimed:
"Monsieur Theophile Moulinier!" "Flattered at being recognized by the etty brunette, the proprietor of the Bon onton smiled graciously.
"What can I give you?" she asked.

"I want to—to buy a—" he stammered.
"A clgar, sir?"
"No, thanks, I want one of those lottery tickets," and he pointed to the tempting

heap.
"Certainly," replied the young woman, and going to the window she picked up one of the tickets and handed it to him with a

of the tickets and handed it to him with a charming smile, saying:
"Would you like anything else?"
"Yes, I would like the grand prize," he answered, laughing gleefully at his wittleism, as he put the ticket carefully away in his pecket-book, after reading aloud the number, "013,028."
"I wish you good lick!" she said and as

number, "013,028."
"I wish you good luck!" she said, and as
he bade her good-evening he glanced at the
clock. "Half-past 10! Eudoxia will be
furious," he thought, trotting home as fast as he could go.

The Bon Bonbon always closed at i

o'clock, and a few minutes after that hou Madame Moulinier went to bed. As her husband entered the room she sat up and said sharply: "This is a nice time for you to come home. What have you been doing?" Nothing at all, my dear," he answere:

Nothing at an, my dear, no answers soothing it, "my watch is slow, that is all."
"Have you been losing at dominos?" she snapped in a tone of suspicion, and her husband replied unhesitatingly, "I lost twenty-five centimes at first, but I made them up again and ten beside."

"It is well for you," she muttered, and Theophile imprinted, as was his custom, a kies upon her forehead. A few minutes later a duet of regular and musical snoring seemed to indicate that the loving pair had fallen into deli-cious slumber. We say seemed to indicate advisedly, for indeed Eudoxia was the only one who was asleep, and her husband was merely imitating her notes in order to mislead her in the event of her awaking uner

lead her in the event of her awaking thex-pectedly. He could not sleep, for a group of magic figures seemed to be dancing be-fore his eyes, the figures which formed the number of his lottery ticket, 013,028. The next day, Mr. Moulinier, true to his word, kept away from the Cafe du Com-merce; indeed, he had something more im-portant than dominos to think of. portant than dominos to think of.

He had the store all to himself that day,
for Eudoxia, being slightly indisposed, kept
her room, and Theophile was able to appropriate the price of several candy sticks
and three pounds of sugared almonds, and
the amounts did not appear in the book of
sales. In this way he contrived to cover
his losses, and the small deception weighed
but lightly more his conscience. the forest and the same deceptor weights but lightly upon his conscience.

The confectioner walted anxiously for the 15th of June, the day of the lottery drawing, for he was possessed with the desire to be able to retract his yow and resume his

On the 16th of June, therefore, he got up at 5 o'clock, opened the store himself and watted for the newsboy to bring the Pettl Renemals, in which the result of the drawing was always published. At last he heard a harsh voice calling:

a harsh voice calling:
"Buy the Petit Roncanais—all the naws
from Paris—marder of Fontaines Court!
The Lottery of Mexidon—"in another minute Mr. Moulinier had bought a paper, and
with his heart beating wildly, turned to the third page, where he read: phawing of the Mezinon Lotteny, Grand prize of 100,000 francs has been frawn by ticket No. 221,527.

Two prizes of 10,000 france each by Nos. 01,876 and 013,028.

and his brain beginning to reel he leaned against the counter for support and accidentally knocked down a glass jar containing assorted caramels. It fell to the floor and broke in pieces, and immediately the rasping voice of Eudoxia was heard from the bedroom above. "I should like to know what you are doing there, Mr. Moulinier," she screamed. "A jar of caramels fell down, dearest," he regilied, and before she had time to say

he replied, and before she had time to say anything more he added: "Hurry and come down, my love; I am

going out to get a new jar."
"You need not be in such a hurry," she said, but her husband had already gone out of the shop, without waiting to exchange his velvet cap for the high silk hat which he always wore in the street. He ru straight to the office of the Petit Rouca and begged to be allowed to see the dis especting the winning numbers His request was granted, and he say the newspaper report was c ort was correct No. 013.028 had drawn 10.000 rance.
Mr. Moulinier, now quite caim again, returned home in a very thoughtful frame o mind. A new subject for suxiety had presented itself. He would have to confess to Eudoxia that he had dared to invest the

Endoxis that he had dared to invest the sum of one franc without consulting her. Probably the thought of the 10,000 francs would mollify her eventually, but there would first he a scene, a terrible scene.

"How much better to tell her nothing about the lottery ticket," he thought; "she need never hear a word about my windfall—ves, that is my best plan," and there rose to his mind a delightful vision of unlimited sames of domino. limited games of domino.

A few minutes later he reached the bacconist's, where he had bought the ticket, and glancing round with a smile of gratitude, he saw Miss Clorinde standing at the door. Her dark hair was slightly disheveled by the breeze and in her hand she held the Petit Romannia. As she caught sight of Mr. Moulinler she exclaimed gaily:
"Have you heard the news? How lucky

are-ten thousand francs. "How did you know my number y" asked the gentleman in displeased surprise.
"I sold you the ticket, sir, and when you

read out the number, 013,028, I put it down in my little book. I thought that, if you won, you would perhaps—" "I would what?"

"I would what?"
"I thought perhaps you would want to
give me a little present out of gratitude for
having chosen the lucky number for you.
Ah. Mr. Moulinier! I saw yesterday in the
jeweler's just opposite the Museum of
Art, a little bracelet with a tigar's eye in
the middle of it—such a love of a bracelet! And the price is nothing, only twentylive louis—" five 'Iwenty-five louis!" repeated her hearer.

"that is five hundred francs-no indeed."
Then, as a bright idea occurred to him, he exclaimed suddenly:
"Wait. You shall have your bracelet.

but on condition that you do not tell any one of my good luck. Here is my ticket, you may collect the amount of the prize for me-keep five hundred francs for yourself and give me the remaining nine thousand five hundred. Will you agree to this?" "Yes, indeed. I will buy the bracelet at once, for I can take the money out of the drawer, and return it in a day or two, and no one need know anything about it." "It would be better for you to wait until you have collected my money."
"Oh, no; I cannot wait—my tiger's eye
will be sold."

"Do as you like, then." Theophile returned home congratulating disself upon the clever way in which he ad arranged this little matter. The next morning, when he opened the store, the first person he saw was Clorinde who rushed toward him with pale cheeks and frightened eyes. At the sight of her Mr. Moulinier felt a cold perspiration break out upon his forchead; Madame Eudoxia was liable to come down stairs at any

minute. "Have you read the newspaper this morning?" gashed Clorinde.
"No, not yet," he answered; "but wh to possessed you to come here—suppose my "Read that!" cried the girl, thrusting the Petit Romennais into his hands, and with

amazed eyes he read:
"There was a slight error in one of our disatches yesterday. In the Drawing of the Mezidon Lottery, ticket No. 013,028 was given as having drawn 10,000 france, but the correct number

was 103,028. Theophile dropped the paper and groaned disappointment, and Clorinde ex-"I bought the bracelet yesterday, with

money out of the drawer. Give me the 500 francs, for I must put them back before they are missed."

"Never!" said Mr. Moulinier, "it was all

Bright very well when I thought I had won ten thousand but now the bargain is off." "Ah, sir, if you do not give me the money my employer will think me a thief!

eried Clorinde, and her dark eyes filled with tears.
"In Heaven's name, my good girl, go home, and I will see you later—perhaps we can arrange the matter, but if Madame should come down stairs and hear us—" "Madame has come down stairs and Madame has heard you!" said a shrill rasping voice suddenly, and turning roun! The ophile saw his Eudoxia in her dressing gown standing at the foot of the stair-case. "So you are in the habit of spending." money on lottery-tickets," she said furi-ously, "and of buying five-hundred franc bracelets for such hussies as this—"
"Madame!" broke in Clorinde indig-dantly, but Mrs. Moulinier said in a voice

"I did not speak to you!"

Then, with her eyes dilated with rage, and her face as red as a peony, she bore down upon her trembling husband, who recoiled from her in terror. The next in-

stant she stopped, and without another word sank heavily to the floor. It was a stroke of apoplexy, and Theo-phile Moulinier was a widower! Three days later the confectioner, now de master of the money-drawer, went to Clorinde and paid her the five hundred

frames.
"It is hard, very hard," he said, "considering that I did not win," and then, changing his mind, he added abruptly:
"And yet, have I not gained something?"—The Epoch.

EMMA ABBOTT IN GRAND OPERA Emma Abbott is announced to appear at the National Theatre on Monday, Feburary 24, and will fill the week in grand English opera, with her Grand Opera Company, as organized for the present season. The company has been highly commended throughout the season as the strongest Miss Abbott has yet secured, a result of new reorganization during last summer, though the list of artists presents nearly the same names as when Miss Abbott last visited Washington, inauguration week, last year. Reorganization is more in chorus and orchestra, both of which are said to be powerfully constructed. The custs present Miss Abbott, Annandale, Miciia, Montogriffo, Michelena, Pruette, Broderick, Allen, Keady, Karl and others. rella,

Carl Martens remains director.

A number of operas have been added to
the About repertoire for this season, two
of which will be put on here and open the of which will be put on here and open the season. The opening opera is "Ernani," by Verdi, said to be a magnificent production. The opera itself is a masterly conception, founded on Victor Hugo's story of the same title, a grand tragic opera of bold conception and heavy proportions. On Tuesday will follow another bright novelty. Tuesday will follow another oright novalty, "Crown Diamonds," by Auber, a romantic and brilliant work. Wednesday matinee, "Bohemian Girl;" Wednesday evoning. "Marthat?" Thursday, "Il Trovatore;" Friday, "Norma;" Saturday, Abbott matinee (Special prices, \$1 and down), "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Abbott as Juliet, and Saturday night, "Miliado." Miss Abbot will the control of the cont sing every evening, and at Saturday mati-nee. For Wednesday matinee popular prices will prevail. The staging of all Abbott operas this season is reported to be the most lavish ever seen in English opera in the country, Mrs. Abbott's wardrobe belne wholly new designed especially for being wholly new, designed especially for the parts by Worth and Felix, Paris, forty or more dresses, the wardrobe costing in the aggregate \$65,000 or over. The opening of the sale of seats will occur on Thursday

SHEPARD FALLS FROM GRACE. It is with amazement we see in Colonel Elliott F. Shepard's profoundly plous paper, the New York Mail and Express, an article He attered a stifled cry of joy and read of further.

"013,028-10,000 frames!" he repeated,

morning at the National.

SOCIETY.

Miss Allce Wilmerding has entirely re-Miss Alice Wilmerding has entirely recovered from the injuries received the
morning of the fire at the Tracy mansion,
and goes out for a drive every day. Secretary Tracy was urged by Lleutenant and
Mrs. Mason to be their guest after leaving
the White House, but he finally decided
that it would be best to take apartments at
the Arno, where he now is with his son,
Mr. Frank Tracy. Mr. Frank Tracy

Mr. William Wilson, jr., will make his future home in Scattle, where he is now engaged in business Mr. and Mrs. Wallace of Salt Lake City.

accompanied by their daughter, Miss Grace Wallace, spent the day in the city yester-day as the guest of Senator and Mrs. Man-

Bishop Paret preached last evening Epiphany Church. Dr. Hodges of Balti-more will occupy the pulpit next Sunday A spray of golden rod, as the national

A spray of golden rod, as the national flower, ornamented the cover of the menu cards at the dinner given Saturday evening at the Riggs House in honor of Susan B. Anthony's 70th birthday. Mrs. Senator Blair, in speaking of the flower, stated that ten or twelve years ago, before the subject of the national floral emblem had come under discussion, her sen, with several of his der discussion, her son, with several of his young friends, unantmously elected that flower as their favorite, and while roughing it each summer called their tents "Camp Golden Rod," decorating them inside and out with the beautiful yellow sprays. Mrs. John Blair Hoge will hold her last ecception for the season on Tuesday.

cent after a severe attack of grip A musicale will be given this evening at the residence of Mr. Samuel Wheatley on Thirtieth street for the benefit of the Co-League.

Lieutenant T. B. M. Mason is convales-

Mrs. Anderson of New York has been the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Fremont for several weeks. Miss Nellie Dorsey held her last Sunday

afternoon reception for the season yester-day, Mrs. Mohun, Miss Simpson, Miss Smith and Miss Eastman received the guests. Miss Laura Mohun presided at the Miss Mary Jackson of Philadelphia is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Krogstadt for a week, at the expiration of which time she will visit Mr. and Mrs. James Durant, at their new home, 1729 Corcoran street.

The marriage of Miss Lulie Harris, daughter of Mrs. Sallie A. Harris, to Mr. Charles Darwin Pennebaker will take place Tuesday, February 25, at Bardstown, Ky. Mr. Pennebaker will tring his bride to Washington to make their future home at 1341 Corcoran street, where they will re-ceive on Wednesdays, after March 10.

The marriage of Miss Susanna Earle to Mr. Ogden Jones of New York, took place at 7:30 o'clock Saturday evening at the rest dence of the bride's parents, the Cedars, on Georgetown Heights. Rev. Mr. Register of St. John's officiated. The wedding gown was of white faille. After a reception, at which only a few intimate friends w present, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones left their wedding trip, which will extend to Bermuda.

Representative and Mrs. J. Smedley Day lington gave a 5 o'clock tea Saturday after-noon at the Normandie in honor of their married daughter, Mrs. Butler, who is now making them a visit. Mrs. Darlington was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Butler, the Misses Darlington, Mr. Percy Darlington and Miss Vilas, niece of Senator Spooner. Miss Mary H. Niles of Beacon street, Boston, has returned to her home after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews.

Mr. H. M. Clarke, jr., of Boston is visitng friends in this city. Mr. and Mrs. John Worthy of Chicago are in the city for a short stay. Mrs. Marshall Kirkman of Evanston, Ill.

accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Spencer, visiting friends in Washington Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Avres have partments for the present at the Bucking-

AN ADVOCATE OF TOBACCO. Ex-Senator Thomas L. Clingman of South Carolina believes that tobacco is a panacea for all the fils that flesh is heir to. He has written columns about it, and the pamph-lets he has published would stock a generous library.

ous library.

"Barring tubercles in the lungs and cancer of the stomach." said General Clingman yesterday, "tobacco will cure anything. I am 77 years old, and I don't believe I would have ever seen 67 if it hadn't been for tobacco. I have seen it cure Bright's disease and other aliments equally as terrible. For rhammatism it is a received. as terrible. For rheumatism it is a specific when rightly applied. If it had not been for the plant I would have died of dyspepsia long ago. Smoking and chewing are not a part of my formula. The essence of the tobacco, applied in a sensible and sys-tematic way, is the thing I aliude to."

HE KNEW A FACT. "Well, Sambo," said District Attorney Andy Lipscomb to a witness on the stand

this morning, "Is this the check that you received from Reverdy Broock for a load of hay you delivered him?" "Yes, sir, dat's the check dead sure; "But, Sambo, how do you happen to

know it is; can you read and write?"
"No, sir, 1 can't read or write, but I'se sure certain that it is." "How do you know, then; do you know it by the color or any mark "" "No, sir, no sir; only I'se pop sure that's the very same paper "Take the witness, Judge," said the Attorney, addressing himself to Mr. Snell, the defendant's counsel.

STUFFING HIMSELF WITH STRAW "Rising Sun" Morse of Massachusetts, says the Chicago Herald, is determined to be famous. Yesterday morning he sent to each of the New England newspaper correspondents a carefully-prepared type-written copy of the speech which he de-livered in the House in the afternoon. "Applause" and "laughter" followed a large number of paragraphs, and with the copy was a polite note asking the corre-spondent to print entire if possible. Late in the afternoon on reaching his offlice. in the afternoon, on reaching his office, each correspondent found the following telegram on his desk:

UNITED STATES CAPITOL, Feb. 12, 4 p. m.— Speech delivered. Add at end, "Great ap-plause on the Republican side," ELIJAH A. MORSE.

For virtue lives when beauty, fading, dies. Steadfastness wins the glories of the

skies.

clay!

ALBUM VERSES.

Be brave-Life's fight doth fall to bravery always. For, without love, thou art but soulless

-Clus Chomwell. A FEW MINUTES WITH CUPID.

If you love a girl and wish to marry 'er,
And lack of pluck is the only barrier,
I would make this mild suggestion;
Shoot yourself or pop the question.
— Texas Sytings. A gentleman who was recently mar-

ried in Newport, Ky., gave up an inheri-tance of \$75,000 rather than miss getting the object of his choice. He was a wid-ower, and his first wife's property was to revert to his mother in case he married. When business is dull many a pleas ant hour is spent by telegraph operators in ant hour is spent by telegraph operators in talking over the wire. A certain telegraph operator in Maine first became acquainted with the young lady who is now his wife over the wire. They used to chat every evening after business hours. One day this young man thought be would take a trip down the line and see the young lady with whom he had done so much talking. It was a case of love at first sight, and the couple were soon married. ple were soon married.

There was some romance connected with the accord marriage of Prince Ama-deus, Duke of Aosta and ex-King of Spain. dens, Duke of Aosta and ex-Role of Spain, whose death was recently reported. The Princess Letitla Bonaparte, his nicce, was leaving Paris to visit the ex-Empress Eu-genie of England. Then, as the chronicler of the day said, it suddenly struck him how

many big young men with yellow moustaches she would meet ready and anxious to marry wealthy princesses. The thought caused him to sink almost unconscious on the platform of the Gare du Nord. He did nothing but put his head in Princess Lettla's carriage window and said, while the guard yelled "En colling" "My piece, I have loved you much always, and for a year passionately. If I let you go the Empress will marry you to a milord and I shall be undone. Promise to marry me and make your nucle happy." And she promised, and the wedding took place at Turin, September 11, ISSS. They had one child, born June 22, ISS9, at Turin.

LOTTERY PROFITS.

[From the Philadelphia Press.] The attempt to secure a charter for the Louisiana Lottery Company from the North Dakota Legislature has served to bring that gigantic combination for gambling promipently before the public. Its existence has long been a disgrace to the State and to the pation, but so quietly does it do its work that few are aware of the magnitude of its operations. It has learned that too much publicity is not good for it, and that systematic, quiet effort will bring to it more dupes than conspicuous advertising. But, like the cuttle-fish, its tentacles stretch out in every direction and draw to it victims,

from whom it sucks its financial life-blood. The Louisiana Lottery has now been in existence about twenty-two years, and if the reports of its income are trustworthy it has received during that time several hundred millions of dollars. An estimate recently made of its annual income gave the following as the receipts for a recent year through different classes of letters: Monthly, \$400,000 900,000 225,000

Class. Daily. Registered...\$30 000 Postal Order.. 30,000 Ordinary.... 7,500 Yearly. \$10,050,000 10,950,000 2,737,500 \$67,500 \$2,025,000 \$24,637,500 These figures are said to be "frozen facts," and capable of verification. The letters received by the company are reported to average at least 6,000 a day, or about one-third of the total mail going to New Orleans, a city of about 250,000 people. The outgoing lottery mail is estiple. The outgoing lottery mail is esti-mated to be nearly 12,000 letters a day, or two-thirds of the mail going from New

Orleans.
These facts and figures will serve to These facts and figures will serve to show the gigantic proportions of this lottery scheme. Of the \$25,000,000 it receives annually not one-third goes back in prizes. Of the cost of operating the business no one but those intimately concerned in its affairs can give a trustworthy estimate. But they are probably not one-half the gross profits, leaving \$8,000,000 as the net revenue which the company derives from its business. For this coormous sum it makes no return to the country. It produces nothing and consumes everything. The nothing and consumes everything. The \$25,000,000 a year it receives might as well be dumped into the sca for all the good it does the country It is a dead loss. It is equandered, dissipated, wasted and thrown away, entailing greater financial loss upor the country than the phenomenal storms of last June, which wiped one whole city out of existence and brought desolution to many

If this were the only injury this lottery scheme inflicted the country could bear it. But the moral damage it does is far greater than the material. Hundreds of thousands of youths and grown men and women ar allured by its attractive circulars, and in vest their hard-carned dollars in this sin of money. One venture does not satisfy them, but, trusting to luck for a turn in the wheel of fortune, they go on year af er year gambling in tickets. They become morally demoralized. No State has suffered more from this disreputable business than Culifornia, the amount which goes from that State to the Louisiana Lotter being estimated at \$200,000 a month Earnest efforts have accordingly been made to break it up, and to prove to its victims how they are fleeced the following table was constructed, showing the amounts to be won and the odds against winning:

99,599 to one against winning \$15,000
49,999 to one against winning 5,000
39,392 to one against winning 2,000
19,699 to one against winning 1,000
11,110 to one against winning 59 3.447 to one against winning. 1,2% to one against winning. 557 to one against winning... 172 to one against winning... 84 to one against winning....... 45 to one against winning

In other words, the chances against an nvestor winning range from nine to one to twenty to one.

The efforts to break up this gigantic swindling business have thus far proved futile. It has been able to circumvent the attempts of the Government to exclude i from the mails and to shield itself unde the protection of the State governmen from which it derives its charter storm of popular dissent aroused by the at-tempt to obtain a charter from the North Dakota Legislature shows how strongly public opinion is opposed to the whole business, and so this power the Louisiana Lottery, like every other obnoxious thing,

MR. JONES HAS AN IDEA Hon. George O. Jones was looking for a Boston correspondent yesterday evening and tumbled up against a Carric young man. "What do you know?" asked the re-

will have to surrender eventually.

"What do you know a porter.
"Why," ejaculated the entire Greenback party through his white whiskers, "you Carric people seem to be everywhere; but I don't know any news."
"Well, what do you think," persisted the

"I think a great many things," said Mr. Jones, "and I think that the proper thing for Congress to do would be to adopt a measure authorizing the issuance of \$20,000,000 in greenbacks, payable in fifty years in the then lawful money of the country, and then authorize the entire amount try, and then appropriate the entire amount for the purpose of having an international exhibition in this city in 1892." TIME TO BE ASHAMED. The disaster which has befallen the Louislana Lottery bill and its claquers in

the North Dakota Legislature ought to induce the lottery-loving cle nent in the new State to give themselves up to a season of reflection, even if they are not disposed to be truly penitent for the real wrong they have sought to infliet upon the Commonwealth. Certainly, a measure which has to be nursed and cradled in the dark; whose promoters are in active alliance with a notorious blackles combination in another. otorious blackleg combination in another State; whose support has to be acquired by the basest kind of bribery, such a meas-ure, most assuredly, is one which honorable men would recoil from with contempt.— A CONFUSION OF WASHINGTONS.

Be careful how you address your letters' to Washington. Washington is a State. Washington is a city in the District of Columbia. Washington is the name of nearly forty towns in different States, and besides all these there are a Washington Bar, a Washington Borough, a Washington Courtedouse, a Washington Centre, a Washington College, a Washington Depot. a Washington Gulch, a Washington Harbor, a Washington Heights, a Washington Hollow, a Washington Mills, a Washington Prairie and a Washingtonville—all post-offices.—Exchange. to Washington. Washington is a State.

SOME PUNKING.

"Why do you suppose Patti dyed her are" "Oh, for diva's reasons."—Puck. Oyster selling is a shellfish business

Winter, with its bracing weather, Autumn makes all creatures glad, Spring brings all the bards together, Summer good and some are bad. Yawcob Straus New York State is famous for its

many lakes, and there is a big Goshen in it, too.—Texas Siftings. Warfare has its romance; even the din of battle has a sort of an engagement ring.—Jewellers' Weekly.

The ship of state in Russia cets conknocking about by the serf. Boston Herald.

THERE NEVER WAS A perfect liniment offered to the public till Salvation Oil was discovered. Ole Bull, the famed violinist, was not related to Dr. Bull, the Cough Syrup man.

M'GINTY REDIVIVUS.

OF THE PUNDING OF THE CORPSE. How long Metilinty lay at the nottom of

Poor Dan could not remember very well; But a mermaid, swimming round, Dan Mo-Ginty's body found,

Which in its Sunday suit looked very ewell. She smiled behind her fan, and she fell in love with Dan.

And she eyed him with her most bewitching smiles. On her fin she hoisted him, through the ocean she did swim To her lovely home among the coral

Chorum. Down went McGinty to the bottom of a CAVE And she gently laid his head on a pearl

and crystal bed.

Dressed in his best suit of clothes. OF THE REVIVAL OF THE CORPSE, She tried everything in vain, to bring him

And she foudled him, that happily she his

precious life might save,

back to life again, Till, at last, she thought about a keg of Which had washed in from the wresk of a passing schooner's deck,

And had lain among the rocks about a So, she set the keg affoat, poured the contents down his throat,

And McGinty gently opened both his He eyed that mermaid fair, with her glorious eyes and hair, And he gazed around in wonder and sur-

prise. Up stood McGinty and pulled down h's Sunday vest, And that mermaid he caressed till he felt she was undressed And it broke his heart to see the termina-

tion of her waist,

vision burst;

and round,

OF THE MERMAID'S CAVE. Of the blandishments she made and the graces she displayed, To induce McGinty to remain perchance,

Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Of each amorous tone and look, they would fill a goodly book. Quite as interesting as a French romance. She showed him her palace home, with its alabaster dome While new splendors on his wonderlag

And if he would but remain, he should un disputed reign As Emperor McGinty, "Dan the First," Chorus. Down went McGinty, as she led him round

But in spite of what she'd say, he still longed to get away,
Where the girls could dress in bloomers and could walk on solld ground, Dressed in their best suit of clothes.

McGinty soon made up his mind he'd leave that mermald far behind, Though he knew that it would wreck her happiness; So, to advertise his wants, he cut up his Sunday pants,

OF M'GINTY'S ESCAPE.

And he hoisted up his signal of distress. And at last he spied a sail bearing down upon the gale-They thought he was the remnant of a wreck: And that little mermaid fair tore her

bosom and her bair, As they bore McGinty safely to the deck. Chorus. Down went McGinty to the botttm of the

And a wondrous tale he told to the sailors

in the hold,

was lost;

fore.

And they never slacked a sail till he got to Jersey slip, Dressed in his best suit of clothes. AND RESTORATION TO THE BOSOM OF HIS PAMILY.

Now, it happened the first man whom he

met was Pat McCann. Who looked as scared as though he saw a But McGinty told his tale o'er a mug of Murphy's ale. And McCann told him the news since he

Then he borrowed fifty cents, and for home McGinty went, Where he found Cordelia waiting by the And, of course, they'd much to tell, as on each other's neck they fell,

And the baby Dan had never seen be-

Chorus. Down sat McGinty to a feast of cake and wine, And she said they lied that day, when they said she'd run away. And you'll see them out parading every Sunday, now, at nine,

Dressed in their best suit of clothes, -The Wasp THOSE MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES. THE EVENING CHITIC, under its new managers, is making an aggressive fight on the Louisiana Lottery Company. erto the Lottery Company has had all the newspapers at the National Capital in its pay. The Critic's agitation of the subject here in Washington at a time when the World has opened the public eye to the relations between the lottery and those responsible for the existence of the Harrison Administration, may belong about Administration, may help to bring about legislation which has been pending in Congress for years, but has been defeated by mysterious influence at every seasion.—
Washington Correspondence New York

World. Dun 'Cinded Ter Hitch. A rheumatic negro limped into the District building this morning, and, approaching Sergeant Pierce, inquired: Boss, is yow de man whut gibs de 'stif-

What certificates do you mean?" asked the officer.

"Well, you sees, boss, dat Miss Cynthy
Fode an' mysef is dun 'cluded ter bitch, an'
de paster sez we is gotter git a 'stiffikit fo'
he kin malrer us." The prospective Benediet was directed to

Popular Route to New York. The B. & O. express train service to New York has been established less than a year. but it is already the popular route to Phila delphia, New York and New England. This is because of the excellence of its equipment and the punctuality of its

Buriat Permits. Burial permits have been issued by the Health Officer for the past forty-eight

Health Officer for the past forty-eight hours as follows:
Michael Clunc, 52 years; Aloysius B. Hermity, 2 years; Gertrude J. Mulliken, 2 days; Raymond P. Mulliken, 1 day; Kaspar Rucesi, 62 years; Emily Herman, 42 years; Johnna Karanaugh, 33 years; George Gebrie, 59 years, and the following colored: John B. Lawson, 94 years; John Warner, 27 years; Mattle Stotts, 11 months; George Waugh, 5 months; Samuel L. Howard, 5 months. months.

You can order THE CRITIC by postal card. It will be sent to your address every evening for 35 cents.